

A Wandering Boy

I'm wandering in a Street , My Hands are very freeze ,

Cuz,

The Night is very Breeze .

All are sleeping in their beds , Waiting for sweet and warm dreams ,

But ,

I have my Nightmare , Which is very Dark ,

And ,

Dogs are doing bark ,

I'm Wandering in The Street , my hands are very freeze.

He ____ He ____ He _____ Ha ____ Ha ____ Ha _____

*I'm wandering in the Street , looking for sweet and warm
dreams.*

By Abhi Sharma

About The poem...

In this poem , A boy Is wandering Alone in very cold night of dark winters. He is looking for any shelter , so he could make himself warm And , also feeling jealous of the others people who are sleeping in their beds & observing the Sweet - Sweet dreams of warmth.

Note: *This poem is written by me ... I'm Abhishek Sharma ...A guy of 18 ...It's my very first poem , I'm not trying to write poems or something like that but suddenly an Idea struck my mind...to write on this topic so I chose a poem to write ..so my humble request is plzz-plzz do comment on it ...If u like or if u don't like it...but do comment on it...thanxx....*

If u wish to comment than plzz do it....on...

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I'll be very happy to get ur Comments

Thanxx Again....Bye.....